

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 53

No.

7

DECEMBER, 1920

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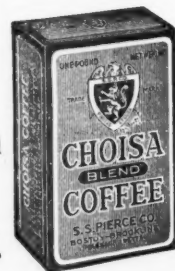
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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 53

December, 1920

No. 7

THE great West is fast awakening to the cry of animal life for care and protection. In addition to the pains endured on farm and ranch as the result of exposure and neglect, there is the problem involved in the enormous financial waste.

AVIATORS who take pet animals with them on their flights expose them to needless fright and peril. The latest instance of this is that of one who carried with him a dog so soon to become a mother that she gave birth to her puppies while 7,000 feet in the air. No man who really loves his dog would do that sort of thing.

ACCORDING to the report of the Institute of American Meat Packers, the loss "due to bruises and other injuries due to mistreatment" of swine alone, killed at 53 markets in 1919, was \$3,508,880. This report says, "Some animals are kicked and others are injured in loading and unloading and in overcrowded cars. Bruises also are caused by heavy clubs, prod-poles, bearing spikes, by kicks from the driver's foot, and sometimes even by the prongs of pitchforks." This is not a report from a humane society.

THIS same report of the American Meat Packers tells us that at eleven inspection points, at Chicago and ten cities farther west, for the year 1919, 169,629 animals arrived in cars, dead and crippled. In this report we find such statements as "Throw away the club. Remember that every blow means a bruise and that bruises mean waste of meat." We fail to find an appeal to the humanity of those handling the animals.

IT is estimated by the National League to Conserve Food Animals that two billion pounds of meat are wasted every year in this country by wanton neglect. One million, one hundred seventy-five thousand cattle dying of starvation for the year 1919, and nine hundred thousand sheep dying from the same cause should mean something to us, not only as humanitarians, but as those who have to pay the price of the high cost of living. These estimates, we believe, are free from exaggeration.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE

LOUELLA C. POOLE

COULD every lisping child be taught
Beside his mother's knee,
How lovely are the ways of Peace
And sweet Humanity;

How every frail and helpless thing
The weak and the oppressed,
Should stir his heart with pitying love,
Wake mercy in his breast;

Could he be taught how sweet the joy,
What rich reward they gain,
In faith and love and gratitude,
Who minister to pain:—

How many Yuletides would earth know
Before all wars would cease,
And men would live in brotherhood
And universal peace?

A HAPPY Christmas to all! "And so, as Tiny Tim observes, God bless us, everyone."

THE report of the Society's Fair, held November 30, will appear in our next issue.

THE PITY OF IT

TWO hundred and fifty thousand dollars to fit out an expedition of huntsmen, cowboys, and scientists to explore Asia for rare animals has been raised, if the report from New York is to be trusted. What this will mean of innocent wild life killed, captured, and transported to other lands, we can only dimly imagine. Roy Chapman Andrews, assistant curator of mammals in the American Museum of Natural History, who will be in charge of the expedition, is quoted as saying that it is the hope of finding the bones of man's prehistoric ancestor that is the chief feature of the undertaking. Let us hope this prehistoric ancestor had more sense than some of his descendants.

SMALL kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations habitually practised in our social intercourse give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

KELTY

HOSPITALITY DAY AND SALE

The Day is November 30, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., at the Society's Building

AT a gathering of the women interested in the Fair for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it was decided that November 30 should be the day. The Fair is to be held in the corridors and rooms of the Society's building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. A tea and lunch room will be one of the features. Friends of the Society are urgently requested to send articles for the sale or contributions.

The following ladies constitute the committee in charge: Mrs. W. J. McDonald, chairman; Mrs. E. Clarke, assistant chairman; Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, Miss Elizabeth F. Gray, Mrs. H. F. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Harry Klebenor, Mrs. A. C. Littlefield, Mrs. Frank B. Thayer, Miss Mary Helen Thompson, Mrs. Charles Whitney, and Mrs. Lucius Cummings.

Patronesses of the Fair are Mrs. Andrew Adie, Mrs. Freeman Allen, Mrs. Geo. T. Angell, Miss Maude E. Appleton, Miss Albertina von Arnim, Miss Virginia Baker, Miss Edith A. Baldwin, Mrs. Charles G. Bancroft, Mrs. Hugh Bancroft, Mrs. Robert A. Boit, Mrs. R. F. Bolles, Mrs. J. Frederick Brown, Mrs. Robert F. Clark, Mrs. E. Clarke, Mrs. Costello C. Converse, Miss Lotta Crabtree, Mrs. Minna B. Crossley, Mrs. A. H. Davenport, Miss M. P. Davenport, Miss Fannie M. Faulkner, Mrs. William Jay Fegan, Mrs. William Firth, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, Miss Dorothy Forbes, Mrs. C. Freshel, Miss Eugenia B. Frothingham, Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, Miss Elizabeth F. Gray, Mrs. H. F. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. James R. Hooper, Miss Elizabeth G. Houghton, Miss Elizabeth F. Kelly, Mrs. Harry Klebenor, Mrs. A. C. Littlefield, Mrs. W. J. McDonald, Mrs. G. F. D. Paine, Mrs. C. H. Parker, Miss Charlotte Peirce, Mrs. Charles Pfaff, Mrs. E. T. Pratt, Mrs. William E. Putnam, Mrs. Clara M. Ripley, Mrs. W. G. Rueter, Miss Eleonora Sears, Mrs. John H. Storer, Mrs. E. R. Thayer, Mrs. Frank B. Thayer, Miss Mary Helen Thompson, Miss Mary L. Ware, Mrs. Charles Whitney, Mrs. William M. Wood.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE JACK LONDON CLUB NOW 151,536

MORE THAN 150,000 MEMBERS IN TWO YEARS AND A HALF

SEE the letter from Mrs. Jack London.

A GAIN of nearly 4,000 last month speaks well for the growing popularity of the Club.

READ about the Junior Jack London Club of Melrose. A fine example.

IT is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater, or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Forty-one copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools. The volume will be mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, one dollar.

The "Foreword" to Jack London's Book, "Michael Brother of Jerry," Which Led Us a Year and a Half Ago to Found the Jack London Club

We have had many requests to print this in *Our Dumb Animals*. We have it in pamphlet form, published by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York.

If you ever loved a dog, read this "Foreword" from Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry." Then read the book.

The book is fascinating, startling, strong. It deals with a great cruelty. It tells us how we may stop it.

THE JACK LONDON CLUB

is built on it. Will you join it? No dues. Just send us your name and the names of as many as will agree to do what London suggests in the last paragraph.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

180 Longwood Avenue
Boston, Mass.

Mrs. London's Letter

Writing about the Club, Mrs. London says: "I am asked by Mr. Ernest H. Helps, of Cape Town, South Africa, to use my influence in order to get the Boy Scout Association in London, England (General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and his Staff) to accept the principle that every boy on becoming a Scout *ipso facto* becomes a member of the Jack London Club. The same rule to apply to the Girl Guides. I am wondering if you would not like to take this up with the London S. P. C. A. body! It is a good idea, and would probably do wonders. You have just the machinery for handling such a matter, and I haven't. Use my name in any way you wish, as backing the proposition.

We immediately, upon receipt of this letter, wrote Captain Fairholme, Secretary of the



BANNER BEARERS OF THE MELROSE, MASS., JUNIOR JACK LONDON CLUB

The seven boys here pictured are members of the Melrose, Mass., Junior Jack London Club, which endeavors to pattern its work upon that of the Boston, Mass., Jack London Club, and lets no chance escape to prove its ardor

Royal Society, London, commending the idea and urging him to see if it could be carried out. We have not yet had time for his reply to reach us.

We Are Proud of Melrose, Mass.

A Junior Jack London Club has been formed in Melrose, Mass. It meets once a week and "kindness to every living thing," the Jack London Club, and articles in *Our Dumb Animals*, are the subjects of discussion. The membership has reached 132. Many of the members are adults. The Club was organized by Mrs. Alma E. Lewis. John Lilly is the president, Francis La Fond is the secretary, and Walter Ford is the treasurer.

It's a growing Club, and here's the fine thing it is doing: Saturdays, six of the members parade the streets with our large posters, and distribute the Club literature. Why should there not be 5,000 Alma E. Lewises in this country to do this same thing? It would mean a much speedier end to the animal performance business. We reproduce the picture of the boys carrying the posters.

The Far-Away Club

That the movement is making itself felt in other lands than ours, the following clipping from a South Africa paper is in evidence:

A member (Capetown) writes: "It is to be hoped that a certain coming performance

in Capetown will be closely watched, so that if any cruelty takes place in connection with animal tricks it may be strongly protested against by members of the Jack London Club. It was most unfortunate that nothing was done to stop the use of the pigeons and rabbits at the Tivoli some weeks ago, and that it had to be asked: 'What is the Jack London Club doing?' These tricks are often cruel and sometimes cause death to the animals."

Trained by Kindness?

Put this beside the oft-repeated statement that trick animals must always be trained by kindness:

Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 1. Thousands of persons who attended the Lancaster County Fair this afternoon witnessed a battle between Rose, a vicious lioness, and Scott Bobbie, an animal trainer, in which Bobbie, though seriously bitten in one leg, fought the lioness to submission with a chair. He then collapsed and was taken to the General Hospital in an ambulance.

Rose made her leap just as Bobbie was ending his performance in a cage of five lions. The trainer was felled, but dragged himself from the cage, with blood flowing from his limb. As the multitude of spectators watched in awe, the man picked up a chair and re-entered the cage. Although almost too weak to fight, he succeeded in beating the lioness

back to her corner and then into a smaller cage, in which she was carted away.

A Fair Without Trained Animals

A friend writes from Sherbrooke, Canada, that a Fair was held in that place recently, and for the first time the entertainment program was free from all animal acts. The local paper says, "A noticeable feature was the replacing of 'under the lash' animal performances with clever mechanism, which in itself won the approval of the majority of the grandstand patrons."

Shutting Out the Animal Performances in Canada

Mrs. Alice Gray, Secretary of the Elgin Humane Society, writes us that both the Toronto Society and her own stopped the exhibition at the Brown-Dyer Show of a dog made to jump from a high ladder into a net. This same show is often seen in the United States, and we hope humane societies in places where it exhibits will have as much courage and determination to prohibit the dog-jumping act as our Canadian friends have manifested. In spite of the opposition offered by Brown & Dyer, the public sustained the action of the Societies.

From the Louisville, Ky., Herald

This well-known daily devotes its leading editorial in the Sunday issue of September 19 to the Jack London Club. We quote in part:

We speak of dogs and cats as we speak of our friends. To maltreat them is to betray a trust. To consent or be a party to their ill treatment is hardly less a matter of guilt and a sharing of responsibility.

Often enough we have heard the phrase, "It's all done by kindness;" but it isn't, and everybody who knows anything about it knows that it isn't. The animal, big or little—dog or cat, elephant or pony—that is, as the talk goes, "trained," has not learned his tricks, has not been taught his antics by kindness, but by unkindness, by blows, by deprivation, by constant torturing where most anguish will be felt. With scarcely an exception he moves in a given direction or performs in a given way to avoid a chastising he is not at all likely to forget. The marvel, said old Sam Johnson, is not that the bear dances so well, but that he dances at all.

Would it not be well, therefore, for people to discourage such performances? Might they not properly show their displeasure by refusing to sanction them? Many do that very thing already. If more should follow their example it could not fail to teach a salutary lesson.

It was this that was in the mind of the founders of the Jack London clubs. It is this that called forth a protest from Jack London himself. As he said at the time, cruelty that is deliberate, cruelty exploited for gain, is of all forms of cruelty the most despicable. Surely no one will rise to contravene so very evident a truth.

From the *Starry Cross*, Philadelphia

"That the influence of the Jack London Club is being felt, and that the work of humane societies is being duly appreciated were plainly shown by a story about trained animals, published recently in *The New York Evening Post*. The story abbreviated and rewritten is as follows:

"The troupe consisted of seven dogs, six French poodles and a Russian wolf-hound. For thirteen years their master, a German,



FATE OF A COYOTE IN NEW MEXICO

had shown them in vaudeville in a pony act with a little carriage. So clever were they that they earned for their owner \$250 to \$300 a week when on the road. Last January he had to take them off. Engagements were no longer plentiful, so the man lodged his animals in a theatrical express place on West Thirty-eighth Street, and obtained a position as conductor. He refused to part with the dogs, claiming to love them, and hoping to get engagements later on. This German did not know that animal acts on the stage are losing their popularity. Sentiment against them is growing all the time. The Jack London Club know that animals shown in vaudeville are brutally treated while being trained, and when not on the stage are confined in narrow quarters, and are seldom exercised. The owner of this troupe of seven dogs, grown old in his service, admitted that the animals were seldom out of their little cages, except three times a day when led on the stage."

When these dogs were seen by a representative of the Humane Society, and carried out of their boxes, two of them were blind, robbed of their sight, the veterinarian says, by almost never seeing the sunshine; by alternating between long hours in cages in dark cellars, or waiting for their cues in gloomy back entrances to theaters, and then being brought into the glaring lights of the vaudeville stage.

When they stepped from their cages they were more like dummies than live dogs. They awaited for the word of command with unquestioning patience, and obeyed like automatons.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or if other property, describe the property.)

THE TRAPPED COYOTE

S. OMAR BARKER

*LAST night, and other nights since time began
I watched the gray moon rise
Through green-black pines, with thrills that only I
Gave voice to in my cries.*

*The poor fool dogs of Man have howled to hear
The echoes, from my song,
Of their own shadow life of long ago
Before Man led them wrong.*

*A trap—and I am captive 'neath the moon,
And the weird voice that cried
In gladness through the gloom of yesternight
Has shriveled here and died.*

*Some time in days to come, my fur, dyed black,
May glisten near the white
Of woman's neck, the wild gray soul of me
Still howling in the night.*

THE DOG ON THE SHEEP RANCH

DAVID H. TALMADGE

UP in the hills of western Oregon there are many sheep and many dogs, for any sheepman will tell you that the raising of sheep without the assistance of dogs would be a difficult thing to do. Also any sheepman will tell you that there are dogs which kill sheep, as there are men who kill deer and other creatures, for the joy of killing.

Then, if you ask him, he will give you his opinion of so-called wise folk who would legislate the dog out of the world, and his opinion will be forcibly expressed and easy of comprehension. It may be a bit lurid, for his patience with the nerve-strained people of the cities, who would annihilate the dog family because some unfortunate member of it buried a bone in a flower-bed and thereby ruined a plant or two, is pretty well exhausted.

"I wouldn't mind if when these injured people write their letters to the papers damning the dogs," he says, "they would hold themselves down to their own grievances. But they don't. Likely they think the indictment would be insufficient. So they cry out that dogs kill sheep—millions of 'em—worth millions of dollars—every year, and this being expressed in dollars takes hold of the American comprehension. But no sheep-raiser ever writes letters of this kind. Personally, I have written several of another

kind and flatter myself that I squelched one or two dog-haters pretty effectively in doing it. By the way, look out for the dog-hater. I'd advise you not to trust him any further than you can see him, except perhaps in money matters. He is usually a dollar-worshipper—can't get much out of life beyond that which costs so much per."

And then he will tell you a dog story or two, if you ask him (at least this particular sheepman told me one). The sun was just sinking behind the coast mountains. We stood in shadow, the sheepman, a tawny, loose-jointed Australian sheep-dog, and myself, and Mount Jefferson loomed behind us white and pure as mercy.

The sheepman said, "Buddy," softly, and the dog cuddled to him and kissed his hand.

"Look at his eyes," said the sheepman. "Human and maybe a bit more, what?"

I nodded honestly.

"He does things with sheep I can't do—knows things about 'em I don't know. Listen:

"We had a flock of five or six hundred in the upper pasture last fall. It is a couple of miles from the house. The rains came one night, and I found next day that the river had carried off about twenty feet of fence. I found also that if the dog had depended on us for intelligence those sheep would have been gone.

"When I got up there next day Buddy was watching the break—had been on the job pretty much all night. We never lock him up. He has the run of the ranch at all times. I was a bit worried when he failed to show up at the barn that morning. There are a good many human beings ranging these hills with guns at that time of year, and—well, there he was and there were the sheep. Some dog!"

Pride and affection mingled in the man's voice. One need not be very deep to understand the reason.

I passed by a number of ranches going down the trail to the valley that night, and at each was a dog. They were not all like Buddy, perhaps, but they were of the same general type, and each was taking a visible interest in the affairs of the ranch. And I knew that my sheepman was right.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.



FUR HUMANELY OBTAINED

FROM Summerside, Prince Edward Island, comes the picture of this interesting dog, sent by G. G. Holman, who writes:

"The enclosed photograph is of 'Dick,' a collie, from whose coat, which is curried daily. I have secured fur for numbers of pairs of mittens, gloves, etc.

"The fur is treated in the same way as wool, being washed, carded and spun, then knitted into various articles. The result is soft angora-like fur. Thinking that fur combings used in this way are something of a novelty, I am sending the photograph to you, hoping it may interest your readers."

"MONK," THE POLICE DOG

THE police of Kansas City, Mo., are mourning the death of "Monk the Moocher," a Skye terrier who eleven years ago wandered into the Westport police station, took up his permanent abode there, and became the pal of all the patrolmen. He always rode with the patrol wagon on its hurry-up calls. He frequently took "time off" to visit the other police stations, and to patronize the back doors of residents with the best cuisines where he indulged an epicurean appetite. It is stated that he never made a mistake in boarding the Westport street car, and always knew just where to get off when the car reached the police station. He is credited with once having discovered a fire and yelping the alarm, also with having trailed successfully a thief.

It is interesting to note that the policemen, to whom Monk was so intimately attached, were members of the Kansas City Police Band of Mercy, organized some years ago, by President Edwin R. Weeks of the local Humane Society.

FOR the peace and happiness of coming generations and the greater safety of life and property, more humane education will be the best guaranty.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

OVER the world, with outspread wings,
The Spirit of Christmas broods and sings
Of happy, hopeful, helpful things

All for you and me:

Charity, wide and deep and high,
Love, that reaches from earth to sky,
Peace, that close to the heart doth lie—
All these gifts are free.

MAKING THE CAT "SACRED"

CLAIRE E. GINSBURG

THE Constitution of the United States has been invoked in many circumstances to come to the aid of men and women, even communities, cities and states, but never before, I believe, has it been called upon to defend the rights of a common cat born in American territory. But that this was done was recently related by the police of Evanston, Ill.

A humane society officer going through the streets of Evanston one day heard the entreatings of a cat. It sounded as if it were going through Hades, or even worse regions. Stopping at the house from which the shrieks ensued, she discovered a woman attempting dental surgery on the animal; one ear had already been lopped off, and the tail had been pulled off at the roots. Finding she could do nothing to stop the woman, she put in a call for the police.

When the police arrived they learned that Mrs. Haigh O. Cartozian, a Persian woman, was attempting to naturalize the plain American Angora cat and make it a Persian citizen. It looked to the officers as if the cat was just about naturalized when they got there.

The long and beautiful tail of the Angora had been disconnected close to its origin and the most useful part of one ear had been lopped off. In addition Mrs. Cartozian was practising dentistry. In one hand she held the cat and in the other two store gold teeth.

"Well, it's like this," Mrs. Cartozian answered when they demanded an explanation. "My husband and I are Persians. He is a wealthy oriental rug importer. We have always had a sacred cat, and a sacred cat in our religion must have no tail, only one ear and gold teeth in front. We had one but it died.

"I was just making this cat sacred when you came in. It brings good luck and is very good for the cat—keeps it home nights and seems to kind of steady it. If you will wait a minute this cat will be completely sacred."

But the policemen interfered.

"Well, now missus," the chief said. "Let me read you the law."

"This here is an American cat and is protected by the Constitution. The law says she can stand on her rights—or sit on her tail. I just dropped in to see how you come to try to make a Persian out of an American cat."

The pogrom on the Angora was stopped, much to the evident relief of the animal. And while authorities are straightening out international complications the police have declared a mandate over the expatriated citizen.

Mrs. Cartozian, meantime, is sure that without a sacred cat in the household, something awful is going to happen.



"MARK TWAIN"

THE HORSE WHO KNEW

BERTHA M. TRIBULL

AS proof of the rare intelligence of a horse, I wish to relate an incident which occurred during the past winter, and which, I am sure, made a lasting impression upon the minds of every passer-by who witnessed it.

The day was an extremely cold one, and the streets of the city were covered with thick layers of ice. One street in particular presented a very dangerous appearance. The children were continually drawing their sleds back and forth upon its icy surface, and it was as smooth and polished as a mirror.

It was late in the afternoon when a horse, drawing a coal-cart which was piled high with coal, started to make his way down the slippery surface of the street. He was making such slow progress that the colored driver climbed down from his seat and tried to aid him. In order to do this the driver had to grasp the rein and walk almost in front of him, coaxing and encouraging him to go a little further. They had almost reached the foot of the slippery incline when the driver's foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, rolling almost in front of the horse. The horse raised a front foot, ready to make another start down the street. The pedestrians, myself included, watched with bated breath, too much frightened to shout to the horse, and all fearing the worst.

The horse's foot was lowered until it touched the limb of the driver. As the hoof touched the bags which were bound around the driver's limb, the horse gazed at the man in a curious manner as though he knew that something had gone wrong. He immediately raised his foot from the limb of the fallen man, and carefully stepped to avoid any injury.

By this time several of the pedestrians had regained their breath, and someone called to the driver to roll out of the way of the horse, which he did very quickly. When he managed to rise from the ground he made his way to the horse, and was patting and petting him when I started on my way homeward.

Now, if this horse had been as dumb as some persons think him, would he have been intelligent enough to save from injury the hard-working colored driver? He sensed the danger as soon as his hard hoof touched the soft burlap bags, and he had horse-sense enough to know that he should tread upon the hard surface of the icy street. Could you really call such an animal dumb?

MORE ABOUT "MAN-O'-WAR"

MANY of our readers will recall the picture of "Man-o'-War," the famous horse, published in October, which brought forth this interesting note from a New York correspondent:

"Was interested in seeing 'Man-o'-War's' picture in *Our Dumb Animals*. It has been my privilege to pet him while we were both visitors at Belmont Park. I was a guest in the home of the superintendent of the race track and in this way heard many things concerning the various horses.

"Man-o'-War's trainer loves him truly and tells us that he knows when this horse is not feeling just right, for, if not, he does not tip off the trainer's hat every morning, as he always does when feeling all right. When he feels all right he walks up to the trainer's hat, or cap, and with his nose pushes it until he succeeds in knocking it off."

Where Wild Deer Are Tame

L. V. KELLY

A FEW years before the war broke out, an English gentleman came to British Columbia on a visit and while there decided that as the coast climate was much similar to that of Great Britain it would be a good thing

name, was a haven of refuge. They went there and spent long weeks. They grew to trust the keeper, and in time, but very cautiously at first, allowed him to make advances. Now when he goes out and whistles



HARDY ISLAND IS SANCTUARY FOR WILD DEER

to plant British trees there. He bought an island on the coast to be used as a nursery. It was up in the wild part of the inland passage and was a beautiful piece of timber land, with bays and hills and beaches. It contained one house, and an old orchard, placed there by some pioneer and then deserted. Just before the war started he put a man in charge on the island. The war, however, stopped the nursery scheme temporarily. The watchman was kept. He was a man who loved nature. He hated the men who hunted deer with dogs, with deadfalls, and with pit-lamps. He warned all hunters off the island, and kept them off.

Strange to say the wild deer soon learned that Hardy Island, which is the name of the property, though they do not know it by that

they come in a big herd—gallant bucks, gentle does, delicate fawns. They walk in and out of his kitchen yard like tame cattle. They eat apples from the hand. No one would believe they were ever wild. Yet, every now and then the call of freedom and adventure draws them across the water. They swim to the mainland a few miles distant, or to larger islands closer at hand. They are up against the old, old warfare of trail hounds, ambushes, and dazzling pit-lamps. Sometimes they never return. Sometimes, however, they come swimming back to Hardy Island with the dogs baying or the foiled hunters standing on the very edge of the beach they have just deserted. And when they creep out to the safety of the island Eden they are no longer wild deer. They shake themselves and pant a bit, then go confidently to kitchen door or orchard for something to eat.

NO SUPPLY WAY-STATIONS

THE plover has long legs for wading. The migratory birds in general fly by night, but the golden plover makes one long journey, flying day and night over an ocean route void of islands where the weary wing could find rest or hunger appeased.

From Nova Scotia to South America he flies without stop, a 2,400-mile trip without halt. On the opposite coast his golden-feathered sister plover starts on a journey almost as long, 2,000 miles or more, over another islandless track from Alaska to Hawaii, apparently preferring to make no stops until the end is in sight.

It has been estimated that less than two ounces of body fat supplies the fuel with which these astonishing flying-machines are propelled on their chartless flight. But when seen wading along the beach, watching for food in the water, they are laying away strength and storing up energy for the long autumnal flight back.



DOING THE KANGAROO

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1920

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE CRUELITIES OF SLAUGHTER

AT the Omaha convention, our President spoke upon the cruelties connected with the slaughter of our food animals. A part of the address appears in this issue. The most vital part of it, however, was not written, and was the result of a day spent at the Omaha Stock-yards. The cruelties there witnessed exceeded in their brutality anything he had ever seen, in the abattoirs either of this country or across the water. As a stenographic report was made of the address, the expectation is to issue it later in pamphlet form and send it broadcast over the country. The treatment to which animals are subjected at this great slaughtering center would be unbelievable could it not be vouched for by an eye witness. Until these evils are remedied there is no darker blot on our civilization than the cruelties we are permitting to the animals we are sacrificing for food.

We say this without meaning in any way to call in question the sincerity and fidelity of the Omaha Society. It is now getting into a position where it can deal with this serious problem at its own door. Up until the present it has evidently been impossible for it to change conditions back of which stand interests that represent millions of dollars of invested capital, and where the idea of humanity toward the creatures slaughtered apparently has never been taken into consideration.

WE AGREE WITH THE "POST"

THE Boston *Post* of recent date had this editorial:

"Amongst the more vital news dispatches we note one that has a moral, at least. It tells of the arrest of a New Yorker on charge of stealing a dog, a white shepherd show animal, valued, with his accoutrements, at \$5,000.

"It seems that this dog had a couple of gold teeth in front and sported a belt, on which were three gold watches, and a collar decorated with one hundred fancy stones. And now all have vanished.

"The only comment necessary to this anecdote is that anybody who was silly enough to rig a dog up in that ridiculous style deserved to lose the complete outfit."

HE who has conferred a kindness should be silent; he who has received one should speak of it.

SENECA

The Gnat and the Camel

Part of Address by PRESIDENT FRANCIS H. ROWLEY at Annual Convention of the American Humane Association, Omaha, Nebraska, October 28, 1920

MANY, many years ago, long before our time, it was said of certain men who boasted of their piety, that, having religiously strained the gnat out of their wine, they never saw the camel in it, and swallowed him whole. This striking figure of speech the world has never forgotten. Its arrow of truth has not yet fallen to the earth. Winged with justice, it has sped on through the years, and is still as fatal to men like these of old as when it left the bow-string of the marksman.

It's well enough to pay tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, but this can never take the place of that one commandment on which hang all the law and the prophets. Men still make long prayers on Sunday, and devour widows' houses on Monday. It's the same old story of the gnat and the camel. If there's a burglar in the house, why get up to be sure you have set the mouse-trap!

It seems to me that as societies organized to guard the animals about us from cruelty we have spent too much of our time straining out the gnat and too little getting rid of the camel. One gigantic cruelty faces us in every city and town of the land. True, it sometimes hides itself in the woods, secretes itself in out-of-the-way places, conceals itself behind the mask of the night, but with brazen effrontery it also builds its torture chambers close to the hearts of great cities, and invites the curious public to witness its atrocities.

Attack it in court, compel it to protect itself against legislation that would lessen its crimes, and it sends into the court room and before the legislative committees the ablest legal talent money can buy. Stand up against it, and you find you are facing corporate interests representing more millions of dollars than the societies for which you speak have cents. "Interfere with our business, cruel as we admit it to be," they tell the court and the legislature, "and you drive us from your community, and rob yourselves of the great revenues you receive from us in taxes and in pay-rolls." This huge commercial agent of cruelty of which I am speaking is really an octopus spreading its far-reaching claws into every state of the Union, grasping and controlling hundreds of smaller but allied interests.

Confronting this super-cruelty, this one cruelty that dwarfs all others, that overtops and outbulks all others put together, what have we been doing? For the most part straining out gnats. We have built here and there an animal shelter to receive the abandoned dog and cat. This we ought to have done. We have prosecuted the pitiless driver who has beaten his horse, or set the heavy collar on a raw and bleeding neck. This, too, we ought to have done. We have scattered a few seeds of humane education and distributed some humane literature. This also we ought to have done. But before this supreme cruelty we have done really nothing. We have talked about it at our conventions. We have appointed committees. But conditions remain in the wide field where this cruelty does its work substantially as they were fifty years ago, before Henry Bergh and George Thorndike Angell unsheathed their shining swords.

Need I say any more about the gnat and the camel? You know the thing I have in

mind. I am thinking of the cruelties associated with the transportation and slaughter of the animals butchered annually in the United States for human food.

How big is the problem? According to the Government reports for 1919, there were killed for food in the United States during those twelve months, in round numbers, besides a quarter of a million goats, 9,000,000 calves, 13,500,000 cattle, 16,500,000 sheep and lambs, and 71,000,000 swine; a total of something over 110,000,000. A hundred and ten millions! What does that mean to us? We can't think in millions. Weigh these 110,000,000 creatures. Think of them in tons. Equal their weight by wagons loaded each with a ton of hay and drawn by two horses. Your line of loaded wagons would stretch one and one-half times around the world. Put these animals in line according to their average length, allow six inches only between them as they wind on day and night, summer and winter, to the blood-stained shambles. How long a line would you have? Would it reach from New York to San Francisco? Would it cover a trail twice as far, from Alaska to Maine? That line would reach seven and one-half times around the globe. Think of it! Follow it in imagination! Dream of it! Who is responsible for it? You and I and every other eater of meat.

I am not speaking from the point of view of a vegetarian. It's the cruelty that concerns me now. How are these animals killed? With the exception of the thirteen and a half millions of large beef animals which are generally knocked in the head before their throats are cut, except where the Jewish method prevails, the most of the 9,000,000 calves, all the 16,500,000 sheep and lambs, and all the 71,000,000 swine, nearly all this line reaching seven and a half times around the globe, driven, hurried, prodded, frightened, on their way to their sad doom, are jerked up by a hind ankle, and, so suspended, their throats are cut and they are left to bleed to death. How long does consciousness persist after the knife thrust? From one and a half to three and a half minutes.

Now add to this the cruelties connected with their transportation to the slaughter pens. The vast majority of them are driven from the farm and the ranch to the yards of the railroads. There, by men who could hardly be humane if they would, they are forced, by blows and twistings of the tail, by kick and curse, into cars, and then started on the long, slow journey—through the heat of summer, through the cold of winter, too often suffering from all the pangs of thirst and hunger, often dying in their cars from the heat, sometimes reaching their journey's end frozen stiff within the slatted bars of their traveling prisons.

What are we going to do about it? What ought we to do about it? What is the one clear, definite goal we must seek if we are to be in any sense true to the cause we represent?

The transportation problem I cannot dwell upon. The cruelties connected with it are inevitably a part of the very business itself. They are inherent in it. You can't transport millions of animals and do it even decently

(Continued on page 107)



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	723
Animals examined	4,995
Number of prosecutions	29
Number of convictions	28
Horses taken from work	150
Horses humanely destroyed	105
Small animals humanely destroyed	413

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	49,881
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	184

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$1,000 from S. Almira Alden of Boston; \$1,000 from Mrs. Annie W. Woolson of Cambridge, and \$15 (additional) from the Estate of Miss H. Martha Sanders of Wadhams, New York.

It has received gifts of \$600 from a friend; \$37 from Mrs. E. E. W.; \$36.75 from visitors to Old North Bridge, Concord, Mass.; \$25 from Miss G. M. S.; \$17.61 from "Anonymous"; and \$15 from Mrs. D. R. M. L.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Belle L. Boutwell of Lyndeboro, N. H., and Miss Lucy A. Lander of Salem.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$37.75 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society; \$159 from a Rhode Island friend; \$23.75 from M. M.; \$19.50 from Lend-A-Hand-Society; and \$863.70, interest.

November 9, 1920.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. *Chief Veterinarian*
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } *Resident Assistants*
WM. M. EVANS, D.V.S. }
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	368	Cases	486
Dogs	251	Dogs	317
Cats	91	Cats	156
Horses	22	Horses	6
Birds	2	Birds	5
Rabbit	1	Rabbits	2
Squirrel	1		
Operations	220		

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1 '15, 19,860
Free Dispensary cases 23,260

Total 43,120

THE ENDURANCE RACE

THE 300-mile race between Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., and Camp Devens, Mass., was finished October 15. Of the twenty-seven horses who began it, only ten completed it. It was sixty miles a day for five days. The purpose appears to be to find out the best type of horse for the Government's cavalry, that is, the horse that can best stand the test of long, hard marches. Much interest was manifested, especially throughout New England, in the race. Humane people naturally feared that there might be much suffering caused the horses. Against this the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals both in New Hampshire and Massachusetts took every possible precaution. There was little for them to do. The temperature and pulse of each horse was taken at regular intervals by the accompanying veterinarians, and whenever a horse gave evidence of falling below par physically to any degree that indicated suffering, he was withdrawn.

We watched, personally, the ten horses which came across the state line. They jogged along without urging, ears up, eyes bright, and with no signs of any more weariness than that with which the average horse finishes his day's work. We were at Camp Devens when they arrived, and what was true of their condition at the state line was true of them there. Of course it was a test of strength and endurance. But that, managed as it was, it meant any positive suffering to the horse, we do not believe. The race was to the horses much like what the boat races are to the college crews, a severe test of nerve and muscle, but a contest for which there has been long training, and which is not protracted to the point of causing anything but temporary weariness. We are confident that the agitation on the part of humane societies against any cruelty was thoroughly wholesome. The wide protest of those who feared there might be unnecessary suffering was a fine evidence of the growth of humane sentiment.

THE CONVENTION AT OMAHA

WE have returned from the forty-fourth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, held at Omaha, October 25-28, just in time to make possible a brief report of the meeting before this issue goes to press. The convention was well attended considering its being at such a distance from those sections of the country where humane societies have been longer in existence.

The first two days were devoted to work among children and the last two to that among animals. The topics discussed were such as usually come before the Association's annual gatherings: the transportation and slaughter of our food animals; the various methods pursued by individual societies in carrying on their work; the wisest plans for conducting animal shelters; the great waste of animal life through exposure and lack of proper care on the ranches—these were among the more important of the subjects brought before the convention. It was felt by many on this occasion, as on former occasions, that fewer papers and more discussion would have been greatly to the advantage of the delegates present. Many were down for addresses who did not appear.

Among the delegates who attracted unusual attention was a fine young lad about sixteen, whose fellow pupils of one of the larger colored schools of Fort Worth, Texas, raised enough money among themselves to send him, that he might bring back to them something of the inspiration he should gain.

Especial mention should be made of the presence at the convention of the Rev. Dr. Charles Scanlon, at the head of that department in the Presbyterian Church of the United States which has secured the introduction into the wide field of service in that body, both in this country and in its foreign work, of Humane Education. Dr. Scanlon came largely that he might familiarize himself with what was being done by the humane societies of the country, but he added greatly to the interest of the meeting by his own personal contributions.

Great credit is due the Omaha Society for the hospitality and courtesy extended to all visiting delegates, and for the perfection of the plans whereby it did so much to insure the success of the meeting. Mr. W. W. Bradley, the efficient manager of the Nebraska Society, was untiring in his efforts, and won the kindest regards and goodwill of everyone. Mr. Mann, a former president, devoted his entire time to the welfare of the convention, and a very pleasant entertainment, an organ recital and reception, was given at the beautiful home of Mrs. Joslyn, a picture of which appears in this issue of our magazine.

While the matter has not been definitely decided, we believe the next convention is to be held in Philadelphia, probably in October, 1921.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN LINE

AT the Synod of the Northwest, held in October by the Protestant Episcopal Church, a resolution offered by Rev. Dr. A. W. Ryan of Duluth, Minn., expressing sympathy with all humane efforts to minister to helpless dumb animals, homeless little children, and old folks, was carried unanimously. The resolution also petitioned the general executive board of the Church to incorporate such humane work as a regular part of the Church's program of service.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

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 Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
 Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
 James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
 Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
 Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
 Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

BROCKTON HUMANE SOCIETY

The Humane Society of Brockton, Mass., held a tag day on October 30 to raise money to use in carrying on its animal shelter. At the annual meeting the Society's agent, George A. Leach, reported that seventy-six complaints relating to horses were investigated, ten horses were humanely destroyed, and 707 calls made in the prosecution of the year's work. The usefulness of the shelter for animals was shown by the fact that 316 dogs and 781 cats were received, for many of whom good homes were found. The Society elected Mrs. Lillian Gardner secretary.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOSLYN, OMAHA, WHERE DELEGATES TO THE RECENT HUMANE CONVENTION WERE ENTERTAINED

DOG EATING IN THE PHILIPPINES

THOSE who remember the article in this magazine a short time ago telling of the cruelties connected with the killing of dogs for food among the Igorots will be glad to know that it has aroused sufficient interest to cause the *Manila Daily Bulletin* to say, according to a clipping we have just received:

"The office of the Department of the Interior is constantly receiving from persons in the United States, mostly women, letters protesting against dog-eating in the mountain province among the Igorots, it was declared yesterday by Secretary Kalaw of the department. All of them, he said, urge that in the interests of civilization and better and higher mode of living, a law should be passed by the Philippine legislature prohibiting the sale and the use of dogs as food material.

"Aside from the fact that the act of eating dogs is highly undesirable, the letters state, it is very inhumane. The Igorots, they state, like to eat lean dogs and that the more bony they are, the more palatable they taste to the Igorots. Consequently, when a dog is bought in the dog market at Baguio or at any other place, it is left to starve for many days before it is eaten, the communications declare.

"When asked if the passage of a law prohibiting the sale and the eating of dogs by the Igorots was in order, Secretary Kalaw declared that it might be done in an indirect manner."

CONSIDER YOUR HOURS

Let this and every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day and strength to strength, you shall build up, by art, by thought, and by just will, an Ecclesia of which it shall not be said: "See what manner of stones are here!" but "See what manner of men!"

JOHN RUSKIN

DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION. IS IT PAINLESS?

ONE who witnessed the electrocution of Hamby, sentenced for murder to the electric chair, writes as follows: "Death in so a horrible form was never seen before. When the death mask was removed, I gazed terrified at what had been Hamby. Had I been absent for one minute from that theater of death, I should never have believed this horrible, shrunken form and distorted, ghastly beyond description, face, belonged to the same yellow-haired youth who sat down so quietly and composedly in the death chair. Never believe for one minute that it is a painless death. The agony and suffering of countless years were there in those transformed, agonized features."

WHY teach "Humane Education?" Because "the merciful man is kind to his beast"; and in this world of faulty people there is so much need of mercy and kindness that we can ill afford to neglect any opportunity for training the coming men and women to be better friends and neighbors than we have been or have lived among. We have been saying, "We learn to do by doing," and have tolerated unthought-of practices by young children that can but result in their becoming imbruted. We know one fine couple, a deacon in the church, and his wife, conceded by all to be good neighbors and kind, who permitted their three-year-old to play so roughly with a young rabbit as to tear the tender skin from its back—and they laughed and let it live as long as it could, while he tortured it! It would take much argument to convince us that these good folk were really so; and we remember to have heard that in later years the neighbors somehow lost their confidence in them—found them to be lawless and cruel when tempted. —*Southern School Journal*

A MAN'S real momentum is the product of his talents multiplied into his industry."

THE GNAT AND THE CAMEL

(Continued from page 104)

save at an expense absolutely prohibitive. The only remedy is ultimately the slaughtering of these animals at the nearest possible point to the place where they are born and bred. To transport millions of them alive for a thousand or more miles, as is done from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard, to be butchered there, is a wholly unnecessary cruelty. Is it cheaper than to ship the dressed product in refrigerator cars? Then it's a question of justice and humanity over against dollars and dividends.

But the other side of the problem. What are humanity, duty, and our sacred trust as humane societies calling upon us to undertake with regard to this supreme cruelty? They bid us organize our forces to secure such legislation as shall compel the stunning, or rendering unconscious by some humane method, of every one of these unfortunate victims of man's appetite, before the thrust of the knife. If we are to demand this sacrifice of life for food, every sentiment of justice and fair play cries out against us as recreant and false to our manhood and womanhood until we have secured for these food animals the humanest possible treatment from the ranch and the farm to the slaughter-house, and then the least possible painful death.

This is the one imperative task that lays its burden upon the humane societies of our land today. Supreme because it outweighs in cruelty all the others put together. Germany, whatever our prejudices, has been thirty years ahead of England and France and America in her methods of slaughter.

Her great public abattoirs have been superintended by graduates of her universities. She has insisted upon the stunning of the animals in these abattoirs. Everything that science could suggest has been done to save the animals from fright and suffering, that the flesh might reach her people in the healthiest possible condition and free from those toxic changes due to pain and fright. These vast public abattoirs are models of cleanliness, and the sanitary conditions are as near ideal as they can be made.

Think of where we stand as a civilized country in this matter; look at Denmark, where a law is now pending to compel the painless death of even all poultry and fish; at Sweden, where replies from every abattoir written to, state that all food animals are stunned before slaughter; at Finland, where stunning must precede the knife; at Switzerland, where all animals are stunned; and in Iceland, not only must all animals be stunned before being bled, but they may not be killed in each other's presence. Here is one instance at least where a man should be ashamed to be 100 per cent American. Better be 50 per cent American and at least 50 per cent humane.

What are the chief opposing forces that array themselves against us in this struggle we can no longer escape? First, the great packing industries of the country who will not slacken the speed of the vast killing machine by an hour, lest their profits be cut some fraction of one per cent. Beside the dollar they seek, the suffering of their victims is but as the small dust in the balance. Only faith in the right and in the average human heart will carry us through to victory. Once let the facts be known, and men and women will demand that money shall not outweigh justice and compassion.

The second hostile force that must be overcome is the opposition of the Hebrew. According to his religious teaching, based not on any direct scriptural authority, but largely upon tradition and the oral law, no animal to be used for food may be stunned before being slaughtered. No man honors the Jewish race more than I. No man recognizes more quickly the unpayable debt humanity owes the Jew. He has given us in our religion the sublimest heritage we possess. His contribution to civilization outranks a thousand-fold all that Greece and Rome have left us. But though he may claim, as he often does, that the deep knife wound made across the throat of the living animal, first thrown and then half suspended by a rope around a hind leg, is an easy death, and a humane one, he stands contradicted by the testimony of a hundred scientific experiments and the testimony of unnumbered unprejudiced men who have witnessed the practice, and by that official body appointed years ago by the English Parliament to investigate the whole subject of slaughter. Can there be any question as to which is the less cruel plan, to be struck one sudden blow that ends all consciousness, and then to have the body, past all power of sensation, freed of its blood by the knife, or to be jerked from the floor by rope or chain around your ankle, and left half suspended in the air, and while still conscious, to have your throat cut?

The time permitted me has made it possible for me to do little more than outline the subject before us—to state simply the boldest and most palpable facts.

What shall we do? Each state and local society can do its part. Learn the facts. Crowd them without wearying upon the largest number of men and women that can be reached. Introduce a humane slaughtering bill into its state legislature, no matter how many times defeated in the attempt. Though beaten, you will be creating public opinion. You will set men thinking. You will get publicity in the press. This battle can only be won after many a defeat, but won it must be at last. Slavery perished, but how long before its final doom? Who would have believed that prohibition could have come so speedily? How little the women who organized against it years ago dreamed of so near a victory! How did they succeed? They kept at it. They never faltered before defeat. They worked and prayed and agitated, and they triumphed. Now that they have the ballot, we shall have a mighty reinforcement for every humane effort we shall undertake.

But this task is primarily a national one. It is for the American Humane Association to organize the societies of this country into an aggressive campaign that shall carry the struggle to the very floor of Congress, and keep at it year after year till justice and compassion and mercy be proved mightier than vested interests, and until the plea of that sad procession, 181,000 miles long, of cattle, sheep, and swine, reaching seven and a half times around the world, marching to their hell of suffering, shall drown the cry of the god of the market-place who would coin even needless pain into gold.

AT a time of crisis in the Civil War a politician telegraphed Horace Greeley, "Are there any news?" "Not a new," promptly wired back the great editor, who was a stickler for good English.



THEY NEED OUR PROTECTION

HELP THY ANIMALS

SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF

THOU, who hast builded Thy great universe
On Love, and makest all its course
A following and obedience to Thy Love
Send forth Thy light from out Thy broadening
East,
And help Thy animals!

Thou, who hast made Thy creatures, every one,
And having made them, hast pronounced them
"good,"

Thou, who hast given them souls and hearts and
thoughts,

Write plain Thy message in Thy setting sun,
And help Thy animals!

Thou, in whose heart of Love the secret lies
Of trees and grass and flowers, and all Earth's
dear delight—

Thou, in whose Love lies wrapped Infinity,
Lift up Thy hands from out its loving depths,
And help Thy animals!

Thou, who hast known the cruel hunger-pang,
Thou, who hast known the scourging and the
stripes!

Thou, who hast faced all terrors Earth may hold,
Bend down in Love's compassion from Thy place,
And help Thy animals!

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

A Remarkable Bird Story

FROM the wife of the editor of the *Courier*, Kent, Ohio, comes this letter, which explains the very interesting story that follows:—

Dear Sir: I am sending under separate cover, the *Kent Courier*, with a true bird story, which you might like to use. I will say that one incident in the story was omitted. One Sunday the bird was left on a vine which grew about the porch, as he was allowed that liberty at times. On coming from church one day our little bird was missing. In the evening we went out, but put his basket on the porch and when we returned he was waiting in his basket.

We enjoy *Our Dumb Animals* very much. Think it is a great paper.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. A. N. LAWSON

Bird Love

IT was early one April morning that we chanced to look out of our window just at the right moment to see a pair of grosbeaks moving into the little bungalow bird-house we had built and placed for some unknown bird friend.

A happier couple could not have been found anywhere and their joy was unbounded as they hurriedly began to prepare for housekeeping. They were too busy for song and all their energies were focused on the work before them. In a very short time their nest was built and the little home-maker settled down to the happy routine of housekeeping.

While the little wife attended to her household duties her husband was very busy anticipating her every desire. It was a joyous sight each morning to study his industry and perseverance and the affectionate regard the two tiny lovers extended each other.

But their happiness must have been too great for some jealous Venus, for it was only a few days after they had begun housekeeping that we could see nothing of the little husband although we took the most painstaking care in our efforts to note his coming and going. For two days we were sure of his absence for we saw nothing of him and his poor mate was like one distracted.

On the third day we followed the frantic flight of the bereft mate and after a long search we found him, wounded and almost dying, hidden in a snarl of weeds and grass. As we carried him to the house, the wife circled us time and again, sometimes scolding us for robbing her of her chief joy and at other times seeming to realize the seriousness of the mishap, she would fly quite close and breathe a reassurance to her mate that caused him, even in his almost hopeless condition, to follow her flight with a languid, drooping eye.

When we put him into the basket we had prepared for him we had little hope for his recovery, but much to our surprise, he showed a marked improvement the following day. Day by day he recovered but he showed plainly that he never would be able to fly again and even hopping would be a very trying task for him. A closer examination revealed the disheartening fact that the end of the wing bone had been completely severed and the muscles of the left leg gnawed by a cat or some other animal.

In a few days our charge was bright and cheery and we placed him at an east window where he could enjoy the morning sunshine.

He had not been at the window very long until his beloved mate came chattering and cooing her delight at seeing her loved one again. She tried to perch on the window pane, but failing in this she hovered about the space nearest her wounded husband.

Touched by the splendid quality of her love we placed the basket outside where the two lovers told again and again how they had missed each other during the dark days of their separation and renewed in an affectionate manner their love and loyalty.

Each day we placed the basket outside and the good little wife would always come to eat and visit with him. We marvelled at their constancy and deemed we had seen in these neighbors of the air, a love as true and beautiful as ever could be found in human life, but as the days lengthened into a month we became accustomed to the sight and our wonder abated.

It was a beautiful May morning—fresh and bright after an early matin shower—that we placed the basket containing our pet on the porch and were busy with the daily routine of our work when we chanced to look out of the window and saw not our pet alone but the wife and five little grosbeaks. A happier father never lived than our little crippled friend as he gazed upon his family for the first time, and the mother was as busy as a bee introducing her babes to their strange father. Such affection we have never witnessed in animals or men, and the many methods they used to show their affection were beyond our counting.

Our grosbeak is still with us and his children have grown large and strong as he once was, but to this day both mother and children pay him a daily visit and each day they tell in ways as plain as words that their love shall never die and that though the crippled father may never fly again, he will be uppermost in his family's thoughts. We are wondering how they will part when the fall migration comes and whether their absence in the fair southland will cause them to forget their lonely, imprisoned father in the cold northland.

THE GULLS

*SOFT is the sky in the mist-kirtled east,
Light is abroad on the sea,
All of the heaven with silver is fleeced,
Holding the sunrise in fee.
Lo! with a flash and uplifting of wings,
Down where the long ripples break,
Cometh a bevy of glad-hearted things,
'Tis morn, for the gulls are awake.*

*Slumberous calm on the ocean and shore
Comes with the turn of the tide;
Never a strong-sweeping pinion may soar,
Where the tame fishing-boats ride!
Far and beyond in blue deserts of sea,
Where the wild winds are at play,
There may the spirits of sea-birds be free—
'Tis noon, for the gulls are away.*

*Over the rim of the sunset is blown
Sea-dusk of purple and gold,
Speed now the wanderers back to their own,
Wings the most tireless must fold.
Homeward together at twilight they flock,
Sated with joys of the deep,
Drowsily huddled on headland and rock—
'Tis night, for the gulls are asleep.*
L. M. MONTGOMERY in *East and West*



BIRD-HOUSES, FEEDER, AND BATH

MORE ABOUT EGRETS

FROM our Massachusetts state ornithologist, we have received the following interesting comment on the egret situation:—

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

I saw in the last number of *Our Dumb Animals* a brief article entitled "The Egret Again." Although I have never been in Venezuela, I know personally the conditions in this country regarding the egrets. I have been in the rookeries and seen the destruction going on. There is no attempt to pick up plumes, as when shed they are usually too worn to be of any value, although some, undoubtedly, may be picked up where the birds are numerous. The plume hunter wipes out the rookeries, destroying all the parent birds, leaving the young in the nests to starve.

Many years ago, I saw the Florida egrets practically wiped out in a few years' time. The same thing goes on in South America. Probably the Venezuela minister knows nothing about it except what he is told by those who have an interest in the plume trade.

Yours sincerely,

E. H. FORBUSH,

Director Division of Ornithology

"BEST ANIMAL PAPER"

IN a letter from Mr. Ernest Bell, editor of *The Animals' Friend*, published by the Animals' Friend Society, London, that distinguished English writer and humanitarian refers to *Our Dumb Animals* as follows:

"We much appreciate your magazine which we consider the best animal paper which we receive here. You have doubtless noticed that we do not at all scruple in reproducing anything from it, not forgetting the very effective verses which often appear."

TEACH the children kindness to animals and they will learn to shun cruelty in every form. The humane education societies of the world are performing a great service.

—Charleston (S.C.) *American*

Chipmunk Traits

A. BROOKER KLUGH

THE chipmunk is a very common little mammal over a large portion of the eastern part of the United States and Canada, and further west is replaced by its relatives the long-tailed chipmunk and the little chipmunk. It is a species of the open deciduous forests, of dry thickets, wooded banks and stone-piles. It emerges from its hibernation early in April, most, if not all, the chipmunks of a given locality coming out at the same time and joining in the chorus of "Chonk-chonk-chonk" with which they welcome the spring.

The burrow of the chipmunk is perpendicular for the first few feet, then horizontal for some yards, then rises to a chamber a foot or so high, and one or two feet in diameter, which is carpeted with soft grass. This chamber also has a back entrance, and galleries branching off from it in which food is stored. In beginning a burrow this species appears to dig down, frequently under the shelter of a bush, and brings the earth to the surface, then makes an exit by digging upward from below, after which the original point of entry is blocked up. Certainly there is no mound of earth at the entrance most used. This, as I say, is apparently the way in which the burrow is constructed, but as a matter of fact, as far as I know, no one has ever actually seen a chipmunk beginning the excavation of its burrow. If he has, he has not placed the observation on record in any published account of this species with which I am familiar. This lack of information concerning this very common animal is an example of the dearth of information upon many points concerning many of our commonest animals, and illustrates the fact that in order to make discoveries of much interest and scientific value it is not necessary to go to distant lands or to study rare forms of animal life. Accurate, detailed and long-continued observation of any of our commonest animals will bring to light many points which are now obscure concerning their life-histories. The young of this species, four or five in number, are born in May. They first come out of the burrow in June, and by August they are full-grown.

The food of the chipmunk consists chiefly of seeds, nuts and berries, though it also eats insects, and it has been observed breaking open the sumac tomato galls—the large reddish galls on the underside of the leaves of the staghorn sumac—to get at the aphids which reside within them. It makes stores

of seeds and nuts, and when transporting these it can carry very large quantities in its cheek-pouches. I have found that a chipmunk can carry thirty-one large kernels of corn—equal to two heaped-up tablespoonfuls—at one load. The picture shows this chipmunk with her pouches fully distended,



CHIPMUNK WITH POUCHES FILLED

and it can be seen that these pouches not only include the cheeks, but extend back over the shoulders. In loading up her pouches she placed the kernels alternately first in one pouch and then in the other, and when the pouches were nearly full she shoved the last few kernels in with her fore paws.

While the chipmunk is not arboreal it climbs with agility and ease. I once had an opportunity to see with what speed a chipmunk can climb. One day while at my summer cottage I heard a strange squealing noise and, looking out of the door, I saw a couple of streaks going up the trunk of an apple-tree, out on a limb, down to the ground, and up the trunk again. Round and round this circuit the animals went, but at such a speed that at first I could make out no form, simply a blur of motion. When the pace slackened somewhat I made out that the front streak was a chipmunk which used to come to the veranda to be fed, while the hind streak was a weasel.

The time of hibernation of the chipmunk depends entirely on the weather, and if heavy frosts come in September it then retires for the season. It does not become as torpid as some hibernating animals, and probably remains more or less active in the late fall, feeding upon its stores, upon which it also very largely depends in early spring after it has emerged.

Three different notes are used by this species—the sharp "Chip" which appears to indicate a state of unrest, the "Chip-chir-r-r" of alarm, and the resonant "Chonk-chonk-chonk." The latter note is an inter-communication call and is rarely persisted in for any length of time unless a response is evoked. This call frequently begins quite softly and slowly, but when answered in kind both tone and tempo are increased.

GRATITUDE

ZONA LIVINGSTON

YOU say I did you kindness; served you well;
You feel obliged; would render back to me
A full expression of your gratitude if you but could.

Then listen well to me! Mark well my words!

Whatever service I have done for you
Was done sans thought of pay or of return.

I merely try each new day to pass on

Some little measure of the kindness shown

To me by those I meet along Life's way.

And if you, too, will pass along the word

Or little deed of kindness found in me,

Pass on to other souls in human form,

Or to the lowly, trusting, oft abused

Creatures who guard our homes, who draw our

plows,

Who give us care and food, service and song,—

The little creatures of God's handiwork

Whom we call "dog" and "horse" and "cow"

and "bird."

And designate by many a various NAME,—

Each little life a part in the great Theme,

The wondrous Song of Life—why then, my

friend,

I am repaid a million fold, and am

Therefore a link in Life's great endless chain.

The chipmunk is much more confiding than most of our wild animals, and readily becomes quite tame. Last autumn a chipmunk had its abode in the vicinity of my tent, and I began to feed it kernels of corn. After a few days I could approach quite close before she retreated. I then began to throw kernels to her. At the first trial the sudden motion of my arm in throwing naturally frightened her, as any sudden motion will do with any wild animal. At the second trial she started only slightly and came and picked up the corn, and at the third trial she showed no alarm at the motion, but ran immediately towards me and picked up each kernel as it fell. I next threw her half-a-dozen kernels, each one nearer to me than the last, and then held out the cob near the ground, when she came up and bit the kernels from the cob. After this she associated the holding out of anything with the procuring of food and came at once, and she was soon running up my leg and taking corn off the cob while perched on my knee, and sitting on a cob of corn while I held it up in the air. During the latter part of our stay in camp, Ah-gwing-wis, as we called her, this being the Ojibwa name of this species, was a constant visitor at the tent, and her companionship did much to enhance the joy of our sojourn in the wilds.

DWARF CATTLE

A COW a yard high would look comical to us, here among our Durhams and Holsteins, some of them reaching ten hands high and nearly touching the ton limit in weight. When we want a tiny animal that will both yield milk and graze on the barrens and live in the hencoop, we buy a goat. But there is a strain of cows in England measuring but a yard in height and producing at their best five gallons of milk from sun to sun.

Place your yardstick against your Guernsey's shoulder, then try to picture her so much smaller, and as hardy as a Shetland pony. Such is the Dexter cow.

Join the Jack London Club and help stop the cruelty of trained animal performances.



CHIPMUNK EATING BUNCHBERRY

A ONE-MAN DOG

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER

HE owed allegiance to one

Whose beck and call he'd only mind.
And when the master's sands had run
Their course, life to him was confined
Within a lonely cycle where
Nothing is worth but patient grief.
Kind death's beneficent relief
Shall free him from a dog's despair.

He brooks no kind solicitude,

But draws aloof when tender hand
With soft caresses all imbued
With love would ease his sorrow, and
Instill within his sad, brute heart
New friendliness; he droops his head;
He is alone! The master's dead;—
And of the world he claims no part.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

BONNIE PRINCE FETLAR, Marshall Saunders.

The author of "Beautiful Joe" has been a prolific contributor of animal stories and books that have appealed to a host of readers. She has educated as well as delighted the hearts and minds of thousands and led them by pleasant paths into a better understanding and a more sympathetic regard for the animals of our every-day life.

From childhood Miss Saunders has been a lover of animals and a defender of their rights. The stories of her experiences with her animal friends have been related in a dozen or more books, the first of which, "Beautiful Joe," brought her wide fame. It was a prize story, written expressly for the American Humane Education Society, and has been circulated all over the civilized world.

The production of a book whose motif is the story of a pony and his friends, in these days of super-inflated costs, should be a sufficient guaranty of merit. "Bonnie Prince Fetlar," who is made to tell his own story, as did the famous "Black Beauty," will have an eager audience awaiting him. His experiences are mostly of the agreeable kind and his friends include many household pets and other animals in whom there is a perennial interest for children.

352 pp., \$2.00, net. George H. Doran Company, New York.

A TERRIER'S TALE, Elisabeth Gray Meredith.

A canny, lovable little West Highlander presents his memoirs in a few brief chapters that will delight the hearts of those who know dogs of good birth and breeding. "Robbie" is a perfect gentleman, and always a good sport, and whether he is modestly relating his adventures with a highwayman or merely discoursing sagely on such interesting topics as sport, travel, guests, cats, he is thoroughly enjoyable.

48 pp., \$1.00, net. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

PASTORAL AND AGRICULTURAL BOTANY, John W. Harshberger, Ph. D.

As a guide to the study of useful and injurious plants of farm and country, this small volume should interest every student of economic botany. It is a descriptive textbook, field guide and laboratory manual. The material presented is all of practical value, being the result of professional study combined with practical experience of stockmen, farmers, agricultural professors, botanists, and others. It points out the useful plants to cultivate and the dangerous plants to destroy; the effect of poisonous plants when eaten; active principles in the plant; susceptibility of various animals; remedies to employ; distribution of plants and destruction methods.

There are 121 illustrations, some of which show the effect of certain plant poisoning in animals.

294 pp., \$2.00, net. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia.



PET DAY AT CONFEDERATE PARK, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Children who brought pets received prizes from the Humane Society, whose principal officers are shown at the right

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

F. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

Write for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight hundred new Bands of Mercy were reported in October. Of these 223 were in schools of Massachusetts; 147 in schools of Georgia; 99 in schools of Maine; 96 in schools of Rhode Island; 78 in schools of Virginia; 77 in schools of Connecticut; 33 in schools of Minnesota; 23 in schools of Kentucky; 20 in schools of Texas; two in Maryland; and one each in Pennsylvania and Missouri.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 129,244

NEW BAND IN INDIA

Another new Band of Mercy has been organized in India, through the interest of Miss Helen I. Root, national juvenile superintendent of the W. C. T. U. of India. Miss Root sends us the names of thirty girls in the Wellesley High School in Naini Tal who have taken the pledge of kindness to animals. We are glad to send *Our Dumb Animals* and other literature to this interesting Band. Miss Root writes that "this work could be extended almost indefinitely in India if we had time and strength and supplies." Here is a golden opportunity for some person of means to invest in humane education where the dividends are sure to be large. What financial expert will figure out the value of investments in forming the characters of the coming generations in the vast empire of India?

CARDINAL GIBBONS TO BOYS

AN editor recently met Cardinal Gibbons, reports *Our Young Folks*, and wishing his boys to profit by his interview, he asked him:

"What qualities, your Eminence, do you consider most desirable in a boy? What qualities show him to have a real promise for the future?"

"Faithfulness, plodding, perseverance, persistence in doing whatever is set for him to do. These things will gain him success where genius would fail—unless it is that sort of genius which is nothing more than infinite hard work. That is the best genius—hard, steady, careful work. It is the real genius."

"I wish every boy could understand that. I wish every boy could know that success does not mean fame or wealth, or that the world should set to talking about you. I wish every boy could know, and believe that the way to success is by plodding effort. One plodding, hard working, faithful boy is worth to the world much more than the boy with flashes of genius. The boy who will plod, plod, plod, who will concentrate his effort, is on the surest road to success."

RESCUED FROM SEWER PIPE

THAT'S the best thing I've done in many a day," remarked Detective H. K. Wilson of Washington, D. C., when being interviewed by a reporter of the *Post* about rescuing a small fox terrier who had fallen through a sewer opening. Firemen, who had been called to the scene, had failed in their efforts to recover the dog, and then a gang of street laborers tried in vain, also. Just then Detective Wilson happened along and with a skillful arrangement of rope and hooks, which he lowered into the sewer, succeeded in snaring the dog under the foot and gradually raising him to safety. The little dog then wagged his tail gratefully and licked the shoes of the detective.

Green Meadow Band of Mercy of Montreal, P. Q., now has over 1000 members.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

LITTLE BROTHER OF ALL

THE Christ Child unto the stable came,
 'Twixt the midnight and the morn;
 His mother laid Him softly down,
 By the beasts of hoof and horn.
 The friendly kine a-near Him stood,
 In the frost of the early day,
 And, little Brother of all the poor,
 He slept in the fragrant hay.

The Christ Child slept in the stable dim
 And over Him flamed the star,
 That was golden-bright with the light of heaven.
 Where God and the angels are.
 Then, journeying far, came king and priest,
 With a wealth of spices sweet,
 And, little Brother of all the rich,
 They knelt to kiss His feet.

THE TRUE STORY OF TOMMY

GLADYS A. BEEBE

TOMMY, a large, very intelligent black and white cat, wants to tell you his story because he thinks some misused, unhappy cat may hear it and hope for better days. Nine years ago poor Tommy was left by his former owners to take care of himself while they were away. They had been hard and cruel to him so that he believed nothing, trusted no one, and did not know how to purr. The people were gone some time and Tommy wandered in the woods, living on wild game.

One day he went to the little school-house some distance from his old home and the teacher heard him wailing pathetically. She wanted a cat, so she told the children that they might catch him. But Tommy knew better than to be caught by children. After school, however, the teacher lured him to her by offerings left from dinner-pails. It was some time before she could touch him, but at last she caught him, and though at first he was badly scared he allowed her to carry him home. Here he was christened Tommy.

When he was put down in his new home he went nearly frantic with nervous joy, and rubbed on all the furniture until his new friends thought something must be wrong. He drank milk as though starved, new milk twice a day with sweet skim-milk between times. Poor Tommy had been without milk so long! Slowly he grew to trust his new friends. He had a basket in a certain up-stairs room and thither he would flee in case of fright. If his former owners passed the house and he heard their voices he would fly for his basket. When he first heard a man's voice over the telephone he sought his basket. He would leave the room if a broom was used in it, and carpet slippers were a source of terror. His former name of "Old Smut," even after nine years of comfort, makes Tommy cower with fear. Music he cannot endure, especially singing, as it doubtless suggests drunken revels.

As months passed he grew quiet and affectionate and at last began to learn to purr. Now he is the household pet. Winters he still catches his tail and plays with a ball, and summers he clears the rabbits from the garden and the rats from the barn. He lets the birds pretty much alone, though he is a fine hunter. Tommy says to unhappy, homeless cats: "Cheer up. Sometime, maybe, your chance will come as mine has. I have learned to purr and be happy and to trust people. So here is hoping for you."



THE SQUIRRELS' CHRISTMAS TREE

SANTA CLAUS

IF a body hears a prancing
 On the snowy roof—
 While she's hanging Christmas stockings—
 As of reindeer hoofs—
 If they're coming near, and nearer,
 She won't run, because
 She will know, this little lassie—
 That it's Santa Claus!

If a body meets a body
 With a jolly face,
 While he's stuffing Christmas stockings
 In the chimney place;
 If he's short, and stout, and rosy,
 She won't run, because
 She will know, this little lassie—
 That he's Santa Claus.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

SING a song of Christmas,
 Puddings full of plums,
 Four and twenty snow-birds
 Picking up the crumbs;
 Stockings full of candy,
 Books, and games and toys;
 Isn't it a merry time
 For birds and girls and boys?

Get the Christmas Spirit Early This Year!

December, the Gift-Making Month Is Near at Hand

From now on, this great organization, with its two separate buildings, will be in readiness to best serve your holiday needs.

More than ever before early shopping for gifts is advised.

The earlier shopper gets exactly what she wants, and usually saves not merely money, but time, patience and strength.

Jordan Marsh Company

The Mercantile Heart of New England

Christmas Gift Suggestions

For Library, Reading Room or School
Our Dumb Animals (One Year) \$1.00

For the School Teacher
Humane Calendar for 1921
20 cents

For Band of Mercy Members
Be Kind to Animals Pennants
25 cents

Band of Mercy Pennants
35 cents

BOOKS

For the Boy
"The Strike at Shane's," 30 cents

For the Girl
"The Lady of the Robins"
35 cents

For the Young Child
"Prince Rudolf's Quest," \$1.00
For Jack London Club Members
"Michael Brother of Jerry," \$1.00

For Humane Society Workers
Rowley's "The Humane Idea"
35 cents

Write for complete price-list of humane books
and supplies (adapted to all ages), suitable
for Christmas remembrances

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

"THE BELL OF ATRI"

THE first public exhibition of the new motion picture, Longfellow's "The Bell of Atri," made for the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was given in the Exeter Theater, Boston, on Saturday morning, October 16, before an enthusiastic audience of invited guests. Many teachers from Boston and suburban schools, as well as directors and members of the two Societies, were present.

Previous to the showing of the film, President Rowley gave a brief address of welcome and of explanation of the purposes of the new photoplay. The Boston Globe thus characterized the production:

"In its screen presentation the beautiful poem is one to hold the attention of the spectators from start to finish. The pictured story of the aged horse, his ill-treatment and the method by which he won redress for his wrongs is finely presented. No little expense was incurred to secure such a beautiful picture, with its wonderful lesson in kindness to animals, and the part played by the horse in the film presentation shows careful training of the steed. The photoplay throughout is of the best, the scenes both pretty and dramatic. The spectators were generous in their applause of the fine points of the picture."

The film was presented on the following Friday before the delegates to the annual state convention of the Parent-Teacher Association, also in Boston. Members of both audiences have expressed their enthusiastic approval of the picture, and the hope that it may be widely exhibited. Persons or societies interested may address the American Humane Education Society, Boston, for terms.

*There is nothing just as
good as the*

Old Grist Mill Dog Bread

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